Eros and the Artist

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Eros and the Artist
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Part One

1. The artist wills to knowledge of himself and knowledge of the world. The knowledge of the one and the knowledge of the other are, fundamentally, identical. For the artist is the mirror of the world and the world the mirror of the artist.

The artist wills to knowledge, discovers knowledge and represents knowledge in his works with the thought and the feeling of his original genius.

The knowledge represented in his works: of the fabric of his works and a major part of their fundamental value.

The artist, in practice, wills to knowledge, and regularly discovers the most profound and dynamic, during the creation of a work–toward the absolute knowledge of absolute creation.

The will to knowledge of the artist in creation is supremely religious. The will to creation of the artist itself is supremely religious. And the creation of the artist itself: the supreme religion of the world–toward the absolute religion of absolute creation.

2. The artist is able to will to knowledge, to discover knowledge and to represent knowledge in his works because he is free of conventional reality and its norms of ostensible thought and ostensible feeling and its taboos of genuine thought and genuine feeling and, therefore, able to wield the thought and the feeling of his original genius.

In his childhood and his adolescence, such norms and such taboos of conventional reality were directed toward crushing, poisoning, killing the seeds of his will to creation, at the time, so much his will to be the artist.

At some moment of his torturous struggle toward absolute creation, the artist turned his back with utter finality on conventional reality, utterly severed himself from it, not only with its norms of ostensible thought and ostensible feeling and its taboos of genuine thought and genuine feeling but with all it entails. Henceforth, conventional reality had no authority whatsoever over him: the artist then existed beyond conventional reality,

now exists beyond conventional reality and will ever exist beyond conventional reality–toward the absolute reality of absolute creation.

3. Its norms of ostensible thought and ostensible feeling and its taboos of genuine thought and genuine feeling are a major part of the superego conventional reality attempted to ingrain in the artist as a child and a youth. The superego of conventional reality, that censorious and repressive voice commanded that he must not think this and must not think that and must not feel this and must not feel that.

The artist as a child and a youth avoided having ingrained the superego of conventional reality through the mechanism of some innate flaw, the occurrence of some fateful event or the acquaintance of some fateful person. If it, at certain times, touched him at all, it did so only superficially, or at least not irrevocably, not indelibly in the fabric of his body-self but only mostly in his mind and, even then and even if somewhat deeply, only as various crowds of sterile and empty ideas. But, though so, they day and night attempted to sneak into each and every moment of his body-self and to crush, to poison, to kill that which he was: a living blossom of Eros, the life energy of the world.

Has the artist a superego at all? Or does his ego alone perform the task of permitting and prohibiting? In his torturous struggle toward absolute creation, the ego of the artist has developed within itself its own authority. But its authority is rooted in his intellect and very much influenced by things of his unconscious. Things of his unconscious are able to reach and to influence his ego freely, and more or less undistorted in form and unweakened in intensity, because of the lack of conventional reality's superego.

But in fact, at some time of his torturous struggle toward absolute creation, the ego of the artist itself gave birth to a superego, a superego as an extension of his ego itself in his unconscious, as his ego itself in an unconscious mode. The superego of the artist is authoritatively both permissive and prohibitive: authoritatively both permits the free flow of

his thought and his feeling and prohibits any constraint, limitation to their free flow.

The superego of the artist, individual and, therefore, unique, is so much behind his great ability to will to knowledge, to discover knowledge and to represent knowledge in his works; its permissive and prohibitive authority is so much behind his great ability to will to knowledge, to discover knowledge and to represent knowledge in his works.

The superego of the artist has its deepest roots in his dauntless iron will to creative freedom–toward the absolute freedom of absolute creation.

4. According to conventional reality, the artist does not have a superego and, therefore, does not have a moral code. For, according to it, there are only one superego and one moral code, its leveled and leveling superego and its leveled and leveling moral code. Therefore, according to conventional reality, the artist is not moral but immoral–as fiercely immoral as he can be to the utmost of his creative power!

But in fact the artist has a moral code, indeed, according to conventional reality, an immoral one. The primary norm of his immoral moral code is liberated thought and liberated feeling and the primary taboo of it limited thought and limited feeling.

The creative freedom intrinsic to the artist's immoral moral code is, in part, the freedom of his thought and his feeling to will to knowledge toward the unknown and, once immersed in it, to transform its things into the known.

And the creative freedom intrinsic to the artist's immoral moral code is also the freedom of his whole body-self to strive to realize its numberless polymorphous perverse desires and, more dynamically, to realize, to consummate the strongest and deepest of them: in orgasm after fierce orgasm of his creative power to consummate the most sacred religious desires of his body-self.

Fundamentally, the practical agent of the artist's creation: the boundlessly free thought and the boundlessly free feeling of his original genius.

But the artist regularly prohibits, prohibits today that which he will permit tomorrow, and that which he will permit tomorrow he will prohibit the day after that.

But today and tomorrow? Rather, the immoral moral code of the artist is in creation of the moment, in creation changing moment by moment with the boundlessly free thought and the boundlessly free feeling of his original genius–toward the absolute thought and the absolute feeling of absolute creation.

5. The artist as a child was, not too seldom, sick and restricted to his bed and his room with its four walls. During such solitary and lonely hours, great innerness was engendered. For, to pass such hours, he ceaselessly imagined, ceaselessly imagined fun and play, regularly in a burning fever: the burning fever of his imagination itself.

Despair, at certain times, great despair was also engendered by being sick and restricted to his bed and his room with its four walls: the artist as a child taken to his bed with his back to the everyday world and his face to a blank and colorless wall.

The, at certain times, great despair of the artist as a child was, fundamentally, the great motive force behind his imagining fun and play. For he imagined fun and play to escape from the great despair.

And now, with his back to not merely the everyday world but the whole world, and his face to a blank and colorless present and similar future, the great motive force of his, at certain times, great despair incites the artist to create, regularly in a burning fever: the burning fever of his creative power itself, his deathless creative power itself.

6. Driven by his will to pleasure, the artist as an adolescent first began substantially to defend himself against and to escape from conventional

reality by the violent act of monosexuality, or, more generally, by plunging with monomaniacal obsession into the world of the life energy of the world, Eros. For the violent act of monosexuality negated and made worthless the primary taboo of the sexual body-self and the consequent one of pleasure.

And, at some later moment of his torturous struggle toward absolute creation, the violent act of monosexuality also negated and made worthless any ideas of a supreme authority over him, whether in the form of Law, Country or God.

The violent act of monosexuality substantially developed the imagination of the artist as a youth. For, though "a single and uniform act," the number and the diversity of sexual objects and sexual events which can be produced by imagination during it are potentially limitless. His producing with his imagination the sexual objects and the sexual events itself was that which developed his imagination. He imagined the sexual objects and the sexual events driven by his will to pleasure. Therefore, the imagination, the polymorphous perverse imagination of the artist as a youth was, fundamentally, developed by his will to pleasure–more and ever more pleasure!

The sexual objects and the sexual events produced by his imagination during the violent act of monosexuality in his adolescence: the products of the artist's first substantial spiritualizations of Eros.

7. The artist's image of divinity is a changing ideal of himself he wills to be during the creation of a work.

But, fundamentally, during the creation of a work, the artist wills to be the supreme god of creation: during the creation of a work, so much the sexual intercourse with the changing ideal of himself, the artist wills to be, to be in his full body-self the supreme god of creation–toward the absolute god of absolute creation.

8. The artist's immersing himself in the sexual world is of his will to knowledge in the sexual world. Knowledge of a thing discovered in the sexual world, indeed sexual knowledge, is for him a portal to every kind of knowledge.

His will to knowledge was substantially and more or less consciously manifested for the first time with the questions concerning his genitals in his childhood. Earlier in his infancy, his will to knowledge was less substantial and virtually unconscious. For he simply stretched out his hands blindly, without any thought at all, or at least any thought at all of an intellect, which he yet virtually lacked. In his childhood, the first questions concerning his genitals themselves were among the first substantial manifestations of his intellect, by which it in fact developed.

The will to knowledge of the artist is the same will he had as a child and, in a nearly wholly unconscious mode, an infant; the practical manifestation of it, his conscious striving for knowledge, is a continuation of his first conscious striving for knowledge of his genitals as a child: the will to knowledge of the artist is a continuation of the will to knowledge in not only the sexual world but the whole world throbbing in each and every cell of his body-self as a child, an infant and a newborn the instant he sprang forth a living blossom of Eros into the dawn of life.

9. The voice, the depraving voice of conventional reality told the artist as a child that the questions concerning his genitals were bad, that his desire for knowledge of his genitals was bad. If he were not prevented by some innate flaw, he might have felt and believed that not only the questions concerning his genitals were bad and they themselves bad but all questions were bad, the desire for knowledge was bad and knowledge itself bad: conventional reality's horrific prohibition of the desire for knowledge and knowledge itself would have become ingrained in the fabric of his body-self.

Because he had then, has now and will have to his last dying breath some innate flaw, and in fact countless innate flaws, the artist became the

artist then, is the artist now and will be the artist to his last dying breath: to the last dying breath of Eros, the life energy of the world.

In his childhood, and later in his adolescence, he was also told by conventional reality that he must not show his genitals, particularly his penis. Not show his penis, now, fundamentally, the organ of his creation? For, during the creation of a work, the artist, fundamentally, thinks with his penis, feels with his penis and imagines with his penis.

And he is incited to create by his desire that his penis be seen in the world, his penis be acknowledged in the world and, above all, his penis be reverenced in the world.

The artist as a boy and a youth overcame the horrifically leveling prohibition of the desire for knowledge and knowledge itself, to a good degree, through the mechanism of the innate flaw of his rebelliousness, more particularly, the rebelliousness of his will to manifest and to assert his individuality and his uniqueness: fundamentally and in practice, his original genius.

10. Conventional reality's fear of the sexual world is so much its fear of that which the artist desires with sheer lust: chaos with the infinite possibilities of experience it entails.

Conventional reality considers chaos not merely bad but evil, as it considers evil anything it cannot control, restrict, level, crush, kill. Such as the evil, the deathless evil of the artist himself: indeed intrinsically, at the innermost core of his body-self, a chaos with the infinite possibilities of experience it entails.

The artist in fact wills to evil of whatever kind in creation–toward the absolute evil of absolute creation.

11. According to leveled and leveling conventional reality, that which is wonted, familiar, same, common, normal is good and that which is unwonted, unfamiliar, different, uncommon, perverse is evil. Because he is the most unwonted, the most unfamiliar, the most different, the most

uncommon, the most perverse thing in the world, the artist is, according to leveled and leveling conventional reality, the most evil thing in the world–as evil and ever more evil as he can be to the utmost of his creative power!

With his creative power the artist ejaculates into the world the seeds, the deathless seeds of his evil works and, therefore, the deathless seeds of the unwonted, the unfamiliar, the different, the uncommon, the perverse: with his creative power the artist ejaculates into the world the deathless seeds of the unknown.

12. The artist and his works are beyond moral evaluations: the artist and his works, articulations of his body-self extended in the world, are beyond good and evil.

13. Because he as a child and a youth did not, would not, could not become corrupted by the superego of conventional reality, the artist developed in more or less freedom, developed organically, naturally, as nature would have it. Nature would have it that he be the artist and great, great as he can only be on becoming genuine, on reaching purity of purpose–toward the absolute purpose of absolute creation.

And now, having become genuine, having reached purity of purpose, the artist wills to more and ever more greatness, both consciously and unconsciously. He nourishes, kindles and intensifies his will to greatness by striving for knowledge during the creation of a work. He incorporates any discovered things in his unconscious and represents them in the work. Thereby, he and his creation become greater.

The artist strives to know increasingly more the discovered things incorporated in his unconscious and represented in the work. When successful, he and his creation, his creation he is become yet greater–toward the absolute greatness of absolute creation.

14. During certain early times of his struggle, and rare ones in his maturity, the artist creates because he wants acknowledgement of his greatness. A part of that which he wants acknowledged is that he is unique to the supreme degree: there was in the past no man as the artist comparable to him, is in the present no man as the artist comparable to him and will be in the future till the end of time no man as the artist comparable to him.

He as a youth simply wanted it acknowledged that he was not of the crowd of conventional reality and, therefore, rebelled against conventional reality itself, though, at the time, only very faintly if at all aware of the desire behind his rebellion. In his rebellion, he strove to be substantially and truly unique, which is to be substantially and truly an individual.

And now, during the creation of a work, the artist strives to be more and ever more unique from that which he was even a moment ago–toward the absolute uniqueness of absolute creation.

15. The artist as a youth was extremely slothful, strange and rebellious, most particularly, extremely rebellious. For, against all conventional good sense, and for reasons beyond the scope of conventional understanding, he simply refused to follow the fit and proper path laid out for him by conventional reality.

The artist was indeed an extremely rebellious youth, who, it was said, would come to no good, would end up, aside from a derelict beggar in the streets, either a criminal in a penitentiary or a lunatic in an asylum.

16. The artist wreaks with the force of his primal violence destruction on things of the world toward their transformation into new things of the world: his acts of destruction wreaked with the force of his primal violence are acts of creation.

The primal violence of the artist is of his sexual energy, fundamentally, Eros, Eros indeed directed, during the creation of a work, toward the

destruction of things of the world–toward the absolute destruction of absolute creation.

17. The defiance of the artist, a Dostoyevsky persona dominant, is one of his great defiances. The core and the strongest statement of which, of his utter refusal to conform is “two and two make five.” No, he is not at all reasonable, but, yes, unreasonably defiant and, not too seldom, for no other reason than to be unreasonably defiant: unreasonable defiance for unreasonable defiance’s sake.

With the force of his great defiance he makes his stand against all limiting and constraining things, including the orders and the laws of the world.

And his great defiance was, to a good degree, the moral support behind the initial substantial manifestation of his original genius.

Beginning with his utter refusal to admit that “two and two make four,” standing on this rock-hard defiance, the artist, a Dostoyevsky persona dominant, questions and doubts all and everything. But the questioning and the doubting of all and everything lead him to the discovery of truths; the more or less negation of all and everything the questioning and the doubting entail opens for him ways to truths.

And, driven by the force of his great defiance, at certain times, so much simply his utter unwillingness to make the slightest compromise, he questions and doubts the validity and the worth of the questioning and the doubting themselves.

The great defiance of the artist, a Dostoyevsky persona dominant, is, fundamentally, the utter refusal of his unconscious to accept any rationality and any logic but its own, indeed very different from any everyday rationality and any everyday logic.

18. At a most crucial moment of his torturous struggle toward absolute creation, the artist, a Dostoyevsky persona dominant, made his Grand Refusal by taking up an axe and, in a demonic frenzy, wielding it against

conventional reality, with strike after strike doing away with conventional reality once and for all. Yes, the extreme act freed him from conventional reality once and for all.

Henceforth, with his Grand Refusal, the crime of his Grand Refusal perpetrated, he was free to think great thoughts and to feel great feelings.

But, in the frightening initial isolation, the artist was also free to suffer repeatedly from recurring doubts. The recurring doubts, at certain times, tormented him, particularly when he saw in the faces of his family and his friends that his Grand Refusal was simply an abominable deed.

But, in the frightening initial isolation, he, at a certain moment, doubted the truth of the accusation with the condemnation it entailed. Soon afterward, he with utmost difficulty, though utmost necessity, turned his back on his family and his friends, sundered himself from them. With the act, the true final climax of his Grand Refusal, he found himself in a state of great liberation, one utterly necessary for the eventual enduring and substantial manifestation of his greatness, in practice, the greatness of his creative power.

The artist, a Dostoyevsky persona dominant, killed with his Grand Refusal not only much of the worthless of conventional reality but a part of the highest worth of it, the sincere love of his family and his friends.

But he also freed himself from their sincere love's bondage of his unrealized greatness, bondage of his unrealized original genius, bondage of his unrealized creative power and, therefore, escaped the imminent death of his will to creation.

19. The artist's ideal of love can never be conventional, never be of conventional reality. For it is limitless and, therefore, infinitely beyond the horrendously narrow confines of conventional reality.

His ideal of love is that love which calls forth and stimulates his original genius, that love which transports him toward new realities and new experiences and that love which transfigures the fabric of his body-self. But, fundamentally, his ideal of love is that love which inspires and

increases his creative power–toward the absolute power of absolute creation.

And that love which inspires and increases his creative power is his love of pleasure, his love of beauty, his love of truths, his love of meanings, his love of knowledge and his love of the infinitude of the world with the infinite possibilities for creation it entails.

But the supreme love of the artist: his love of creation itself–toward the absolute love of absolute creation.

20. The Grand Refusal of the artist, in whatever form, and if only expressed to himself, was a declaration of his individuality and his autonomy. But, fundamentally and more dynamically, it was a declaration of his freedom to create and only to create: a declaration of his freedom to be the artist and only the artist.

To be the artist is regularly to wage war against orders of the world with their laws. The artist wages the war against an order of the world with its laws during the creation of a work. When completed, the work: a new order of the world with its laws.

The new orders of the world with their laws which are his works on completion hold true and have substantial meaning and substantial value during his lifetime and throughout not only future ages but past ones. For they do so for all ages, past, present and future: the orders of the world with their laws which are the works of the artist, articulations of his body-self extended in the world, in the protective loving lap of Mother Earth, are timeless and, therefore, unimpeachable triumphs over his human mortality.

21. After his Grand Refusal, the struggle of the artist, lasting to the last moment of his life, became mostly within, inner, and is now no longer his struggle to manifest and to keep alive his individuality and his original genius it is against outer things, but regularly one in which he strives to unify antitheses and other things of his body-self. Because they are the

bases and the mechanisms of more complex and comprehensive unifications, he, necessarily, unifies his imagination and his intellect, his thought and his feeling, his ego and his superego and his instinct and his knowledge.

Though, in the ceaseless change of his body-self, such unifications are ceaselessly changing, when represented in his works, articulations of his body-self extended in the world, they are permanent unifications: permanent unifications enduring in the world beyond his human death into future ages.

22. The artist, a Rembrandt persona dominant, represents in his works the religious suffering of his body-self in his torturous, his tormenting, his hellish struggle toward the heaven of absolute creation and, that which it entails, task after impossible task set by the shining demon of his original genius: the loving kiss of Mother Earth received on the naked root of his body-self at the moment of his nativity.

23. From the unconscious of the artist, the personas of the artists individually or severally become conscious of their own accord, now as a major part of his body-self and now only as elements or aspects of it.

Rather than leaving them to become conscious of their own accord, or to influence his conscious existence from his unconscious, the artist, not too seldom, strives to know the personas of the artists and, when possessed of some knowledge of them, to use them more or less consciously. Thereby, he becomes, to various degrees, master of them. He becomes so in that he becomes less the unconscious prey of the artists' personas and, therefore, more able to control and to utilize them in creation, indeed to master them in creation–toward the absolute mastery of absolute creation.

24. In the state of his immorality, his deviance, his defiance, his evil, all derivative manifestations of his sexual energy's primal violence, the

artist experiences the thought and the feeling of his original genius and with them in creation commits act after act of immorality, deviance, defiance, evil: commits act after act of his sexual energy's primal violence.

25. The artist, a Miller persona dominant, expresses with the great boldness of his huge ego truths of himself and truths of the world, indeed greatly bold, daring, challenging truths. His ego was made and is perpetuated huge with the boldness such size entails by the force of his unyielding iron will to proclaim his freedom and his autonomy in his works, in practice, his freedom and his autonomy to become increasingly greater in increasingly greater works: fundamentally, increasingly greater constellations of truths of himself and truths of the world.

26. Though of great size, the ego of the artist is only a small part of his body-self. For his body-self is, fundamentally, limitless and with infinite possibilities for quantitative growth, quantitative growth with the qualitative growth it entails at certain various points of his torturous struggle toward absolute creation.

27. The will to creation of the artist permeates each and every cell of his body-self. That it does so means that, during the greatest times of his torturous struggle toward absolute creation, his body-self itself wills its full force to creation and only creation–toward the absolute will of absolute creation.

28. The madness of the artist, a Van Gogh persona or a Bosch persona dominant, is one of his great madnesses. Though great, he manages in creation some kind of fluctuating equilibrium, now ruled by the great madness on the verge of the asylum and now by the yet greater madness of the asylum itself–toward the absolute madness of absolute creation.

29. The great madness of the artist, a Van Gogh persona dominant, is that of his obsession with his relation to the world. His relation to the world is rooted in various perceptions of it permeated with intense passion. He in fact perceives the world as an intense passion, a waving and swirling intense passion. He does so because he perceives himself as a waving and swirling intense passion.

No, for the artist, a Van Gogh persona dominant, nothing is stable, fixed, inert in the world and, therefore, his relation to it is never so. It is, fundamentally, because he himself is never stable, fixed, inert, feels that he himself is never so: feels that he is always on the intensely passionate verge of waving and swirling into sheer chaos and virtual nonexistence.

Yes, his general perception of the world and his grasp on it are extremely precarious in his feeling that, the next moment, both he and the world will, with an explosion of passion, disintegrate into sheer chaos and virtual nonexistence.

That which is, fundamentally, behind the great madness of the artist, a Van Gogh persona dominant, or is, fundamentally, itself his great madness, and in fact incites him to create, is his great desire to secure and to safeguard moments of his various perceptions of the world, indeed regularly inundated with intense passion–toward the absolute passion of absolute creation.

30. The works of the artist, a Van Gogh persona dominant, are the representations of the world as he dreams it to be. There is in his works indeed a strong dream quality: his works are of his dream, his precarious and ephemeral dream.

His imagination is permeated and more or less ruled by the intensely passionate waving and swirling chaos of his dream, fundamentally, that of his unconscious. But, though so, his works are not so unreasonable and not at all absurd. For, during the creation of a work, he, to a fair degree, premeditates with his intellect and focuses its attention in general, if he does not quite apply, at least in full force, its rationality and its logic.

And, because he uses his intellect, and though dreamlike, the works of the artist, a Van Gogh persona dominant, are far from being direct and precise representations of his unconscious' things.

31. The artist, a Kafka persona dominant, perceives that he is detached from the world, isolated from it, that he is within, inner and the world without, outer: the world is Other, only and now and ever Other.

No, he never finds ingress into the world, much less ever blends with it, but, yes, is ever detached and isolated from it.

From his detachment and his isolation, his detached and isolated innerness, the artist, a Kafka persona dominant, observes the world very coolly, calmly. For, from his detached and isolated innerness, his intellect functions extremely lucidly and, therefore, nothing in the world escapes its rational and logical thought and its penetrative vision.

With his extremely lucid intellect he, not too seldom, judges the world with everything in it to be an utter absurdity.

32. By directing his intellect toward the world, the artist, not too seldom, evokes feelings from the depths of his unconscious, not too seldom, feelings about himself and his relation to the world and, more dynamically, feelings about the whole world. Such feelings evoked by his intellect from his unconscious are a part of the knowledge of himself and the world he strives for driven by his will to knowledge.

33. The great madness of the artist, a Bosch persona dominant, is that of his unconscious' desire to be his whole body-self. And, in its infinite insatiety, its infinite greediness, his unconscious further desires to be manifested in the world as his whole body-self, his whole body-self as represented in his works.

The works, the indeed greatly mad works of the artist, a Bosch persona dominant, are nearly direct and precise representations of his unconscious' things. Such representations are made possible by his

withholding his intellect, to various degrees, during the creation of a work and his imagination's consequent openness to things of his unconscious and very free play with them, very free play of very free associations of and between them. It is, fundamentally, that the artist is ruled by the rationality and the logic of his unconscious, indeed greatly mad and very different from, and, at certain times, diametrically opposed to, the rationality and the logic of his intellect.

But, no, during the creation of a work, he never looks away with his intellect completely, is with his intellect always at least faintly aware, always attends to the matter in hand with its rationality and its logic at least faintly. For only in such a way is the artist able to give products of his imagination a degree of substantial form and to represent them in his works and, therefore, the world.

But, yes, during the creation of a work, the imagination and much of the intellect of the artist, a Bosch persona dominant, are permeated with the greatly mad rationality and the greatly mad logic of his unconscious and, at the best moments, the most mad and, therefore, most creative, similarly is his whole body-self–each and every cell of his body-self permeated with the great madness of his unconscious!

34. Because it is a derivative manifestation of it, the, at certain times, sheer insanity of the artist can be traced to the primal violence of his sexual energy, fundamentally, the life energy of the world, Eros: Eros with the infinite reservoir of supreme violence it entails–toward the absolute violence of absolute creation.

35. In search of the stuff of his creation, the artist regularly plunges with a blind leap into the chaotic depths of his unconscious. But he does so with only a part of his conscious existence, retaining at least a point of his ego and a ray of his intellect. For, otherwise, he would be overwhelmed by the chaotic things of his unconscious.

And the artist retains at least a point of his ego and a ray of his intellect also so that he can become aware of the chaotic things of his unconscious and, then, recognize them, if only to a low degree. For, otherwise, without at least a degree of his conscious existence, in whatever form, he could not even become aware of, much less recognize, anything at all to any degree at all.

36. When he plunges into the sheer turmoil of his unconscious, the artist regularly experiences pain, pain not only of the sheer turmoil itself but of his striving for truths and meanings, insights and revelations just beyond his perception, indeed painfully just beyond his perception.

The pain of the artist, not too seldom, outright agony, is also of his expectation of that which he may find in his unconscious and how it might affect, change him and his creation, whether for good or ill.

The truths and the meanings, the insights and the revelations residing in his unconscious can be painful even when discovered. For they, not too seldom, negate, or, at first glance, seem to negate, cherished ideas and cherished beliefs and, therefore, are extremely difficult for him to swallow, to come to terms with and, then, to incorporate.

To rid himself of the pain they engender, to heal himself of it, he regularly represents in his works the painful things discovered in his unconscious, either transformed or more or less as they are. For, represented in his works, articulations of his body-self extended in the world, the artist is able to look on them from a distance and, therefore, more objectively.

37. How do the consciousness and the unconscious of the artist come into contact? He with the intuition of his imagination now plays with things of his consciousness, now with things of his unconscious and now brings the things of the one and the things of the other together and, therefore, makes his consciousness and his unconscious meet, interpenetrate, now

in a more conscious region of his body-self and now in a more unconscious.

38. The artist does not and in fact cannot completely transform his unconscious into his consciousness, does not and in fact cannot make all of its things nor the whole of it conscious. For, regardless of how much of it is made conscious, his unconscious is now and ever consuming things of the world and, therefore, replenishing itself: the unconscious of the artist is now and ever limitless.

And, because his unconscious is limitless and it is the primal source of the stuff of his works, the possibilities of the artist's creation are similarly limitless.

Part Two

1. Beauty arouses in the artist pleasure and the sheer lust to touch it, to have intercourse with it and, above all, to possess it, to possess it to translate it into his works and, that which, fundamentally, they are: the eternal flowers of Eros, the life energy of the world.

The artist surrounds himself with beauty and plunges into beauty whenever and wherever met with in the world. He does so similarly in his imagination; he imagines image after polymorphous perverse image of beauty and, then, plunges into them, plunges into them with the full sexuality of his body-self.

2. The artist is polygamous over a span of time; he consorts in polymorphous perverse ways with numberless polymorphous perverse

images of beauty in his imagination. But, though polygamous, his adoration and his love of most every image of beauty are of supreme loyalty. For supreme loyalty to beauty means supreme loyalty to the inspiration of his creation and, regardless of all else, the artist is supremely loyal to his creation–toward the absolute loyalty of absolute creation.

3**.** The artist, a Michelangelo persona dominant, strives to give in his works some intimation of beauty as he envisions it. His vision of beauty is of the thoughts, the feelings and the sensations of his body-self and, more dynamically, stems from its sexuality.

The artist, a Michelangelo persona dominant, knows instinctively that the beauty of the body-self is utterly divine and, therefore, more than worthy of his adoration and his love and, more dynamically, his applying his original genius to eternalize it in his works.

4**.** The artist knows instinctively that beauty and the pleasure aroused by it are good, that every image of beauty in his imagination and every object of beauty in the world and the pleasure engendered by them are good. For, if not, they must be bad or even evil. Are beauty and pleasure bad or even evil? At some early moment of his torturous struggle toward absolute creation, the artist answers with utter finality: beauty and pleasure are good, indeed utterly good.

Yes, he pronounces moral judgements and has a moral code, rooted in the instinctive and spontaneous thought and the instinctive and spontaneous feeling of his original genius.

And, rooted in them, the artist himself is his supreme morality–toward the absolute morality of absolute creation.

5**.** The artist regularly strives to experience pleasure, not too seldom, in a sheer demonic frenzy, by seeing beauty, touching beauty, having intercourse with beauty and, above all, possessing beauty.

He experiences the greatest intensity of pleasure, and Eros it, fundamentally, is, in creation, particularly at its orgasms, not too seldom, orgasms of sheer demonic frenzy.

But, after the orgasmic discharges of his creative power's semen, the artist, not too seldom, feels a sense of loss and dissipated, feels a sense of emptiness, more so at the most creative moments: when each and every cell of his body-self, in a sheer demonic frenzy, orgasms in creation– toward the absolute orgasm of absolute creation.

6. Because he is the revelation of the life energy of the world, Eros, Eros in each and every cell of his body-self striving toward everlasting life, the artist performs act after polymorphous perverse act of creation– toward the absolute act of absolute creation.

7**.** In its polymorphous perverseness, the imagination of the artist, a Rimbaud persona dominant, is youthful and, at certain times, even childlike and, therefore, extremely dynamic and inventive. For the living root of his sexuality, from which his imagination stems, distends and draws the semen of its fruits, is, in practice, of the adolescence and, at certain times, even the childhood of his struggle, when the norm of sexual existence was polymorphous perverseness.

8**.** The artist experiences pleasure both sensually and spiritually, more sensually in the sexual world and more spiritually in the creative world. Immersed in them, the sensation of pleasure, particularly in the creative world, is, fundamentally, the sensation of creative power.

But the sexual world and the creative world? Rather, the sexual world: both the core and the fabric of the creative world.

9**.** In the limitless sexual magic of creation, the body-self of the artist is both inner and outer: in the limitless sexual magic of creation, the body-

self of the artist extends both innerly to the deepest regions of his unconscious and outerly to the farthest regions of the world.

10. The artist knows instinctively that he must never limit nor repress his will to pleasure, but must regularly cultivate it. For he knows instinctively, and with the most profound certainty, and has, through the most profound and dynamic sensation, incorporated the truth in the core and the primal source of his creation, his unconscious, that pleasure powers him in creation–toward the absolute power of absolute creation.

11. The artist, a Michelangelo persona dominant, is led to divine revelations of supreme truths by the force of his lust for youths and their beauty.

And his intellect, that which most directly effects the process toward a supreme truth eventually divinely revealed, is cultivated by his lust for youths and their beauty. His lust, his unquenchable sheer lust is, in turn, cultivated, intensified, made more powerful by the creative power aroused in his body-self by the beauty of youths.

Even in the abstraction of a supreme truth, the sexuality of the artist, a Michelangelo persona dominant, is not only still there and powerful but everywhere and beyond measure: at the core of his creative power everywhere and beyond measure.

Driven by his will to creative power and, that which is, in practice, so much one and the same will, his will to knowledge, the artist ceaselessly strives in creation for supreme truths of various form and various content–toward the absolute truth of absolute creation.

12. The artist strives toward truths by penetrating with his intellect, his phallic intellect into an object of beauty. Thereby, he regularly suddenly finds himself now in the heights of his consciousness among clear and bright truths and now in the depths of his unconscious among obscure and dark truths.

13. Because it lacks any signs of death, the beauty of a youth can be the inspiration of the artist's creation. For, because of which, of the sheer grace of death's defeat, death's in fact death, the beauty of a youth evokes the exhilarating idea of creation's infinite possibilities. The thought of which inspires, stimulates, arouses, liberates the creative power of the artist and, at the most creative moments: Eros, the life energy of the world, manifests itself as the creative power of the artist.

14. Even if he never has sexual intercourse with her, simply by seeing his anima and her beauty from an intimately close distance, the artist is incited with pleasure and, simultaneously, creative power: is incited with the intoxicating glorious power of Eros–toward the absolute intercourse of absolute creation.

15. The artist penetrates the image of his anima's beauty toward the unknown of her innermost innerness and, simultaneously, the unknown of his innermost innerness, plunges into the image of his anima's beauty and comes into and discovers things of her unconscious' depths and, simultaneously, things of his unconscious' depths: in the unfathomable womb of his anima's beauty, the artist comes into and discovers things of the whole world's unknown.

Once perceived, thought on, synthesized with knowledge already possessed and sensed in the depths of his body-self, an unknown of the world is transformed by the artist into a new knowledge of the world incorporated in the depths of his body-self.

What of the eyes of his anima and their beauty particularly? In her eyes the artist envisions, at the best moments, the moments of his highest inspiration, his strongest stimulation, his strongest arousement, the infinite depths of her beauty and, simultaneously, feels his creative power to be similarly infinite: the artist is inundated with Eros, Eros with the

infinite possibilities for creation it entails–more and ever infinitely more creation!

16**.** From the tower of his sexuality's pinnacle, the artist, a Yeats persona dominant, meditates with his phallic intellect on the beauty of his anima as woman. His anima as woman is secret, obscure, hidden, is unknown, as is the knowledge he strives for in creation. Because she is so, the more he gains of the knowledge of her, the more he knows that he knows nothing of her, nothing of her infinite unknown and, simultaneously, nothing of his infinite unknown: the more he knows that he knows nothing of the infinite unknown of the whole world.

But, by meditating with his phallic intellect on the beauty of his anima from the tower of his sexuality's pinnacle, the artist, a Yeats persona dominant, feels the sensation of creative power, creative power which fills, distends and strengthens the tower of his sexuality to its pinnacle itself toward knowledge, mystical knowledge of the world.

He regularly strives to represent in his works at least an intimation of the mystical knowledge of the world the beauty of his anima leads him to–toward the absolute knowledge of absolute creation.

17**.** Driven by his will to pleasure, the artist, a Baudelaire persona dominant, inflicts wounds on his anima as whore and, then, with his phallic intellect has intercourse with them and suddenly finds himself in a magical reality, experiencing a magical reality. The magical reality releases the evil flowers of his desires, the stuff of his creation.

The natural portals of his anima as whore are insufficient for his purposes because they are of a natural order of the world and, therefore, limiting in the predeterminacy and the general commonness of that to which they lead. Therefore, the artist enters into the perception and the experience of magical realities, fundamentally, born of his unconscious, through unnatural portals, the wounds inflicted on his anima as whore.

Yes, how is the artist to receive pleasure from his anima as whore but by inflicting wounds on her and, then, penetrating them with his phallic intellect? For her natural portals are already corrupt and his pleasure is aroused by corrupting pristine life, corrupting pristine life with the unleashing of many of the infinite possible realities it entails. His corruption of, his intercourse with the fleetingly pristine wounds releases, sets free many of pristine life's infinite possible realities, forces open portals through which he, with the whole of his sexuality, enters into many of pristine life's infinite possible realities.

The fleetingly pristine wounds as portals toward magical realities the artist, a Baudelaire persona dominant, inflicts on his anima as whore and, then, has intercourse with lead to the both demonic and divine ends of his creation: the demonic perversion of natural orders and the divine production of unnatural orders of the world.

18**.** When and if his anima is young, as she, not too seldom, is, the beauty of her youth arouses pleasure throughout the body-self of the artist, regularly inundating his imagination particularly. With his imagination inundated with pleasure he, in turn, re-creates the beauty of her youth in lyrical songs, lyrical ejaculations of lust and adulation.

But time passes and the beauty of his anima's youth gradually ripens into a new kind of beauty, the more steady and reticent beauty of life's preserver, woman as mother. The ripened beauty increasingly incorporates and represents the beauty of her innerness, which itself ripens, matures, matures into an indeed maternal character.

The artist similarly grows older and, one moment of a day of his struggle, suddenly finds himself aged. At which time, he transfers much of his adulation and his lust to the daughter of his maternal anima, to all the Daughters of Life, in whom he once again experiences the beauty of youth. Henceforth, he regularly drinks of the beauty of the Daughters of Life to renew and to vitalize himself and his creative power with Eros,

Eros which propels him with its inimitable power into flights of passion and the creation of works of lust and adulation.

The Daughters of Life inspire him in creation not only directly by their beauty, but indirectly by engendering the idea that they will be forever, that their beauty, the sheer grace of their beauty will be forever: the beauty of the Daughters of Life will never, never die.

The idea that the beauty of the Daughters of Life will never, never die is indeed filled with feeling and engendered by feeling, at the best moments of creation, utterly suffused with the feeling of hope. But the hope of the artist in what? For what? His hope in the infinitude of the unknown, in that which he knows not now but may know, that which he experiences not now but may experience. There is also his hope that he might realize in creation some of the countless realities he deeply desires. But, above all, there is his hope for everlasting life in creation, always his hope for everlasting life in creation: the reality the artist most deeply desires, of the countless realities he deeply desires, is everlasting life in creation.

His hope in the infinitude of the unknown, his hope to realize realities he deeply desires and his hope for everlasting life in creation are not only engendered by the beauty of the Daughters of Life but of its essence.

Even aged or merely mature, the artist is inspired with lyrical passion, is again and again suffused and vitalized with Eros by setting his eyes on the beauty of the Daughters of Life and penetrating with the vision of his phallic intellect to its core; even aged or merely mature, the artist is again and again driven in creation by his desire to touch the Daughters of Life, to have intercourse with the Daughters of Life and, above all, to possess the Daughters of Life, to possess the Daughters of Life to translate them into the fabric of his creation–toward the absolute translation of absolute creation.

But, aged or merely mature, the artist knows that his desire to possess a Daughter of Life to translate her into the fabric of a work is, in all likelihood, a mere fancy–nonetheless, he always retains hope that, one

day, one exquisitely perfect moment of his struggle before he dies, his desire will be realized. His hope, his deathless hope is indeed inspired by the beauty of the Daughter of Life itself.

His knowledge of the truth that his desire to possess the Daughter of Life to translate her into the fabric of a work will, in all likelihood, never be completely realized in fact increases its power. As the power of his desire increases, his hope of realizing it increases. And as his hope in the impossible, in realizing the impossible increases, he becomes that much more suffused with Eros. In such an exhilarated, an intoxicated, an exultant state, the artist must, at all costs, ejaculate into the world the fundamental stuff of the work: the pent-up deathless semen of his desire, Eros itself, the life energy of the world.

19**.** At a crucial moment of his torturous struggle toward absolute creation, the artist as a young man sees a Daughter of Life "across the strand standing in midstream." In all her beauty, she both arouses his desire for the consummation of a sexual union and gives him throb after throb of pleasure. She becomes his anima and, therefore, the liberating force of his original genius, becomes Eros revealed in a creature in the world, a girl, a bird, a girl with wings to soar away from the bondage of Custom and Duty, Family and Country toward the sea of true life.

Though it inspires hope, the image is tainted with the fear of "an emerald trail of seaweed on the flesh." For, once he makes the leap, he knows not whether she with wings of Eros will forsake him to flounder and to drown in the sea, the turbulent limitless sea of true life with its mystery and its peril.

A Daughter of Life is a portal to and a winged medium through the turbulent limitless sea of true life with its mystery and its peril and, simultaneously, the turbulent limitless unconscious of the artist with its mystery and its peril.

And, by winged Eros fluttering forth from the image of her beauty into his genitals, and from his genitals throughout his imagination, and from

his imagination throughout his intellect, and from his intellect throughout his body-self, a Daughter of Life fills the artist, particularly if aged, with the semen of hope in the renewal of his life, the rebirth of his life and, more dynamically, the transfiguration of his life, his life of creation he is into everlasting life in creation–toward the absolute life of absolute creation.

20. At the great distance of his boyhood, the artist, at certain times, sees an image of his boyhood love's beauty. The image of his boyhood love's beauty inspires him in creation, and is, not too seldom, the most powerful image of all the images which inspire him in creation.

By seeing with his extremely sensitive eyes the beauty of his boyhood love, the artist as a boy felt the sensation of pleasure. The sensation of pleasure was that which enthralled him then, is that which enthralls him now and will be that which will enthrall him till his last dying breath. Later in his adolescence, the violent act of monosexuality enhanced the image of his boyhood love in his imagination and, more dynamically, incorporated it increasingly more deeply and substantially in his unconscious.

He and his boyhood love are separated by time; he is on this side of time, in the present as the artist, consummate in his will to creation's purity of purpose, and his boyhood love on the other, in the past as a Daughter of Life. Because of which, his boyhood love is protected against corruption and decay: the boyhood love of the artist, the supreme inspiration of his will to creation, is protected against death–toward the absolute inspiration of absolute creation.

21. Mature or aged, the artist, not too seldom, chooses, usually unconsciously, a Daughter of Life for his anima. For her beauty with all it entails returns him again and again to his boyhood and its sensation of forever. His re-experiencing the sensation of forever, so much the primary sensation of his boyhood, renews and rejuvenates him for

creation and, more dynamically, makes him feel that he will indeed live forever in creation.

But, when the hard rationality and the cutting logic of his intellect is applied to it, the sensation of forever in creation passes away into the thought of his human death–his human death ever imminent in each and every cell of his body-self!

22. The beauty of the artist's boyhood love is, not too seldom, his archetype of beauty. He began with the image of her beauty in the world, which engendered pleasure. During his adolescence, the image of her beauty in his imagination was increasingly enhanced and incorporated by the violent act of monosexuality. Thereby, he was enthralled by the image of her beauty: the beauty of his boyhood love, a Daughter of Life, became his archetype of beauty.

The artist sees in most every Daughter of Life encountered at least a strong semblance of his boyhood love and his archetype of beauty she is, fundamentally: his archetype of life she is.

Yes, the boyhood love of the artist: the highest and deepest inspiration, the supreme inspiration of his creation–toward the absolute inspiration of absolute creation.

23**.** The sure fate of the artist is the moment by moment cellular decay of his body-self and, in supreme finality, death.

He regularly dwells on the unimpeachable truth of his future death, his ever imminent death and, that which it entails, the end of his life of creation. When dwelling on the thought, he is, at certain times, extremely averse to hope and the future, particularly to surrendering himself at all to them, much less staking everything on them.

The artist knows that he must not wait for some great event to occur, such indeed as the great event of his death, which he perceives in the so very near and rapidly approaching future, if not ever looming very closely, intimately over his body-self, within each and every cell of his

body-self, but must immerse himself in present great events: the event after great event of his life of creation–toward the absolute event of absolute creation.

No, he does so not tomorrow or the day after but now this moment before death comes crashing down on him and brings to a sudden end his life of creation.

Yes, the artist lives each and every moment of his life of creation as if it were the last.

24**.** There lurks about the artist the malevolence of death: the first and last law of the world.

With his acts of creation he wages a solitary battle against the malevolence of death; with act after act of creation he staves off the malevolence of death: with act after act of creation he keeps the malevolence of death from ending his life of creation.

The intellect of the artist is developed by his fear of death. For it forces him to reflect strenuously, forces him, under extreme duress, to use his intellect to its utmost: the artist strives with his intellect to discover some supreme escape from death and, simultaneously, ways with which to perpetuate his life of creation, indeed ways of act after act of creation.

Yes, regardless of how fearful his fear of death is, how ubiquitous and overwhelming, he, infinitely and immutably defiant in his life of creation's purity of purpose, refuses to capitulate and battles with act after act of creation. But part of the fear is his knowledge of the truth that any victory against death in creation is temporary, momentary: the artist cannot know whether the next moment death will, with boundless malevolence, come crashing down on him and put to a sudden end his life of creation, his life of creation he is.

But, though momentary and tentative for the artist himself as a human life in time, in regard to his works, articulations of his body-self extended in the world, in the protective loving lap of Mother Earth, the victories

against death in creation are embedded in the fabric of time and, therefore, enduring in time–toward the absolute time of absolute creation.

25**.** By dwelling on the idea of death, regardless of whether it engenders fear, the artist is compelled to think, to feel, to imagine and to create toward the salvation of his life of creation, his life of act after act of creation–toward the absolute salvation of absolute creation.

The artist's idea of death is, fundamentally, his idea of the death of his life of act after act of creation: his life of act after act of creation he is.

26**.** The artist, a Whitman persona dominant, standing on a hill and gazing across the land, searches and finds, at every point of the compass, the inspiration for and the stuff of his creation, the endlessly diverse forms of the world surrounding him, of which his body-self is a form and in which it exists. Thereby, his body-self expands in the world surrounding him and appropriates toward incorporation countless numbers of its endlessly diverse forms.

He embraces all the endlessly diverse forms of the world in his great love of his body-self. For, in his great love of his body-self, he sees his body-self, or at least qualities or aspects of it, in all the endlessly diverse forms of the world.

27. The artist, a Whitman persona dominant, embraces the beauty of a young man. And from one young man, he embraces the beauty of all young men. And from all young men, he embraces the beauty of one woman. And from one woman, he embraces the beauty of all women. And from all women, he embraces the beauty of one girl, one boy, then of all girls and all boys. And from all humans, he embraces the beauty of all the world's endlessly diverse forms: embraces with his limitless imagination suffused with the semen of Eros, the life energy of the world, the beauty of the whole world.

Eros not only feeds the imagination of the artist with its semen, but, not too seldom, incites him to represent in his works the forms whose beauty, in practice, liberate it.

Because it itself is more inner, the beauty of all the world's endlessly diverse forms evokes a more inner pleasure than that evoked by the beauty of the initial young man.

But, in his great love of his body-self, the artist, a Whitman persona dominant, first sees beauty in himself and, then, a reflection of it in the initial young man and all the world's endlessly diverse forms.

28. The ego of the artist, a Whitman persona dominant, is extremely open, expansive and, above all, glorious–as glorious as he can make it to the utmost of his creative power!

During the creation of a work, he sweeps all into his glorious ego with his senses, thrown by his ego into a similar glorious openness and expansiveness, before he pours forth all in songs of love, love of others, love of all, with wave after lyrical wave washing over the whole world.

And, during the creation of a work, with his ego as the glorious heart of the world, he pours forth the waves of his senses over all and, encompassing all, draws all to his ego and again pours forth all: pours forth with wave after lyrical wave the all of the work itself, the astoundingly alive work itself.

And, during the creation of a work, his ego expands to encompass all before it contracts and draws all into his mind, some of the things remaining in his consciousness, to be transformed by his imagination and his intellect, but most being devoured by his unconscious.

The unconscious of the artist, a Whitman persona dominant: the maw of his inexhaustible hunger to appropriate toward incorporation the whole world.

29. By contemplating an image in his consciousness or a form in the world, the artist perceives not only it but a broad and deep stream of

associations immediately liberated from his unconscious, truthful and meaningful things of his unconscious, envisions a broadening and deepening vista of truths and meanings, with one truth the meaning of another truth, that truth the meaning of another truth, that truth the meaning of yet another truth and so on.

Yes, the consciousness of the artist grows with a vision of truths and meanings: grows with a vision of knowledge.

30. The ego of the artist strives to appropriate toward incorporation the whole world in the belief of its boundless pride that the world exists only to be appropriated and, then, incorporated by it.

31. The ego of the artist looks on and oversees the creation of a work as an indirectly participating voyeuristic spectator while his senses, his unconscious and his phallic intellect directly carry it out, while his senses absorb things of the world, his unconscious draws them down into itself and his phallic intellect bids them back into consciousness and, after more or less incestuous play with his imagination, ejaculates them back synthesized into the world as represented in the work.

The things of the world absorbed by his senses would not find their way back synthesized into the world as represented in the work if it were not for the predisposition of his phallic intellect to ejaculate. The predisposition is motivated by the desire of the artist to reproduce and to perpetuate himself in his works in the world, fundamentally, founded in the cellular substructure of his body-self.

The phallic intellect of the artist: the indeed ejaculatory organ by which his works are most directly realized in the world.

32. Immersed in the sexual world, the pleasure felt by the artist is regularly experienced as a wild intoxication. In such a state of wild intoxication, his intellect is in a passive mode or even more or less absent and, therefore, he is more able with his imagination to experience new

and unique things, particularly things of his unconscious which arrive rapidly in one whirl after another into his consciousness.

And it is the same with him immersed in the creative world, during the creation of a work, particularly at the climaxes, that he is regularly wildly intoxicated with pleasure and his intellect is in a passive mode or even more or less absent and, therefore, he is more able with his imagination to experience new and unique things, inventive things, both of his unconscious and the world.

33. The artist does not carry out the creation of a work while in the throes of a sexual act, during which his intellect is or should be in a passive mode, as is the conscious master of his mind, his ego. But, afterward, an instant or a lifetime afterward, by dwelling on a memory of a sexual act, be it a memory of an event in the world or one in his imagination, the pleasure felt releases from the memory thoughts, feelings and images to be perceived by his intellect. The thoughts, the feelings and the images born of the memory of the sexual act themselves are toned by its sexuality, regardless of how dissimilar they may be to thoughts, feelings and images of a sexual act.

34. The repeated sojourns of the artist in the sexual world enhance his senses and, therefore, his receptivity to things of the whole world. That the sojourns do so means that they also enhance his receptivity to the infinite possibilities of the world and, therefore, the infinite possibilities of creation.

35. The artist, a Miller persona dominant, strews sexual acts throughout his works. In the sexual acts strewn throughout his works, he gives most particular and close attention and repeatedly recurs to his penis. And, regardless of whether he consciously intends it, his penis of its own accord again and again obtrudes itself into his works.

The penis of the artist, a Miller persona dominant, is in fact so much his organ of creation. For he in creation thinks with his penis, in creation feels with his penis, in creation imagines with his penis and, in a final sheer orgasm of creation: ejaculates with his penis the semen of a work into the world.

36. The innocence of the artist in the sexual world is so much rooted in the innocence of his mind in it. His mind is innocent in the sexual world because his evil intellect, his knowing intellect is in a passive mode.

The innocence he experiences in the sexual world is comparable to the innocence he experienced as a boy. Immersed in the sexual world, the artist finds himself in a state of innocence which in fact evokes a memory of his childhood's state of innocence. And the state of his childhood was one of innocence because of a lack of a developed intellect's rational and logical thought and penetrative vision.

In the state comparable to the innocence of his childhood, the artist is ruled not indeed by his intellect but by his will to creative power, perfectly suited for the manifestation in his consciousness of his unconscious' things, the stuff of his creation. There they develop and blossom quite on their own, organically, without being violently assaulted by his intellect and, therefore, are experienced as they first appear, precisely in their initial form, that which they have the instant he becomes conscious of them.

But the things of his unconscious are experienced precisely in their initial form? Or is it that the artist does apply his intellect to things of his unconscious nearly simultaneously with the instant they appear in his consciousness, by which they lose their initial form, by which he never truly perceives them in their initial form? Some immediate transformation of them occurs. For things of his unconscious cannot enter his consciousness without the artist simultaneously applying his intellect to them, if only to a faint degree. Merely his awareness of them as entities

of some sort and some degree in fact implies a working of his intellect, though in a passive mode, not indeed a violently assaultive.

37. During the creation of a work, the artist, a Hesse persona dominant, regularly returns to his childhood and, therefore, his state is regularly comparable to the state of his childhood. In a seeming paradox, the ancient knowledge of "the hoary old mountain sage" springs from the childlike state. For, though his general state is childlike, as is his imagination particularly, his intellect is in its full maturity.

Yes, during the creation of a work, the artist, a Hesse persona dominant, discovers with his fully mature intellect ancient knowledge in the products of his childlike imagination–toward the absolute knowledge of absolute creation.

38. The existence of the artist as a boy was an existence of sheer taste and sheer smell and sheer sight and sheer sound and sheer touch. It was indeed an existence in which the senses ruled and were at the height of their power. His desire for such ruling powerful senses, and the openness and the receptivity to the living essence of the world they entailed, is a major reason why the artist returns to his boyhood: to sense intensely, to sense deeply, to sense truly–toward the absolute sensation of absolute creation.

The childhood experiences of the senses relived are, not too seldom, historical things he transforms now pragmatically and now ideally, whether consciously or unconsciously. But that is regularly the artist in creation, that he transforms now pragmatically and now ideally things of his past and the past in general, whether consciously or unconsciously.

39. The state of innocence experienced by the artist as a boy often entailed the sensation of timelessness. And, when the state of his boyhood innocence is now relived, it similarly often entails the sensation of timelessness.

There is the timelessness, the so very magical timelessness of his boyhood also in that, during certain extraordinary moments in creation, the living dream of creation, the artist is able to relive it in the present with all its images, all its thoughts, all its feelings and all its sensations–more and ever more of its sensations!

The artist desires fervently, religiously not only to experience but to represent in his works his boyhood's so very magical sensation of timelessness.

The so very magical sensation of timelessness: the fabric of his body-self as a boy.

But the so very magical sensation of timelessness is, fundamentally, the so very magical sensation of supremely free senses. Therefore, the artist in creation, fundamentally, desires and in fact wills to supremely free senses–toward the absolute senses of absolute creation.

40. The artist, a Lawrence persona dominant, is led by his anima into a state of innocence and the garden of Eden. He is the first Adam and his anima the first Eve, neither a daughterly nor a sisterly Eve born of his seed, but a motherly Eve of whose womb he himself was born.

He desires to return to Eden because his mother is and will ever be there, his first object of beauty, the first object of his adoration and his love, in fact his original anima. He, in turn, desires to return to his original anima because he desires to be embraced by and to immerse himself within her love, her infinite love once again, as in the time of his boyhood. To do so, to return to a state of innocence, Eden and the womb of infinite love, he has intercourse with his flesh and blood anima, a replica of his original anima.

And, by returning to the womb of infinite love, the artist, a Lawrence persona dominant, returns to the source of his courage and his power, his courage and his power to strive for the core and the primal source of his body-self, to strike out on hidden and unknown paths, to stride forth through dark virgin forests, to leap into seas of chaos and, of utmost

significance at various points of his torturous struggle toward absolute creation, to wage war against the orders and the laws of the world.

The struggle of the artist is, not too seldom, of anguish and despair. But he knows that deep within himself he is not alone, not utterly forsaken, knows that the infinite love of his mother is in the inviolable depths of his body-self, to which he is able to return again and again to draw nourishment and power, utterly necessary for his struggle and, that which it so much is, the search for, the discovery and the realization of his innermost thoughts, his innermost feelings and his innermost desires.

The infinite love his mother gave him as a boy is projected onto her replica, his anima, now the source to which he in creation returns again and again for nourishment and courage and the inspiration, the stimulation, the incitement of his creative power.

By having intercourse with his flesh and blood anima, the pleasure of the artist, a Lawrence persona dominant, is comparable to that which he as a boy felt in the embrace of his mother. For his anima is indeed a replica of his mother, or at least evokes strong intimations of her.

And, by sheer contemplation on his flesh and blood anima, his intellect gradually falling into a passive mode, he once again experiences Eden, the garden of innocence, and is permeated with infinite love: the first and last power behind his creation, Eros, the life energy of the world.

41. The artist sees before him his flesh and blood anima in the world and penetrates with his phallic intellect past her beauty deep into abstraction and, with a burst of his imagination suffused with Eros, he suddenly finds himself inundated by things of his unconscious.

The burst of his imagination is a burst of intuition, or, at the most inspired moments of creation, when most suffused by Eros, by its infinite magic: an orgasm of sheer revelation.

By withdrawing his phallic intellect from his unconscious, the womb of his body-self, the artist returns from his imagination's burst of intuition or orgasm of sheer revelation, whether he once again passes through

abstraction, and suddenly sees his flesh and blood anima in the world: the so very living supreme inspiration of his creation.

42. Though his ideal of beauty, the source of his power to withstand darkness, isolation, anguish and despair, the artist, at some point of his torturous struggle toward absolute creation, must and does turn his back on his anima decisively. Thereby, he becomes independent of her and, therefore, free to strengthen and to wield more substantially his creative power. Henceforth, he is no longer enthralled by her and beneath the rule of her beauty, but she is enthralled by him and beneath the rule of his creative power.

And, at some point of his torturous struggle toward absolute creation, the artist realizes and incorporates the truth that his anima is within him and, fundamentally, flows from the cellular substructure of his body-self as the life energy of the world, Eros, which indeed, at certain painful and fearful moments of creation, unbeckoned, suddenly inundates him from the depths of his body-self to its heights.

43. During the many polymorphous perverse sexual acts performed by human objects of his imagination, the artist, a Sade persona dominant, searches for knowledge, penetrates with his phallic intellect into the images of polymorphous perverse sexual acts to their core, the thoughts thought, the feelings felt and the sensations sensed by the human objects. He analyzes minutely the images and reassembles the thoughts, the feelings and the sensations, which effects truths, in fact polymorphous perverse truths–which he immediately destroys by others in his prodigious generation of truth after polymorphous perverse truth.

The human objects of the artist's imagination represented in his works are aspects of himself, through which he, in his ceaseless striving for knowledge, thinks, feels and senses. The aspects of himself are, at certain times, more particularly, representations of his desires. During the creation of a work, he strives, in his ceaseless striving for knowledge, to

become aware of the desires represented by the aspects of himself and, when successful, to know ever more intimately.

During the creation of a work, the artist, a Sade persona dominant, experiences the polymorphous perverse acts performed by the aspects of himself representing his desires indirectly in his imagination, their thoughts directly in his intellect, their feelings directly in his ego and their sensations directly in his whole body-self.

But there is, during the creation of a work, no real delineation between his imagination, his intellect and his ego. For all coalesce in the reality, the sheer sexual reality of his body-self: the revelation of Eros, Eros with all its limitless polymorphous perverse possibilities for creation–more and ever more polymorphous perverse creation!

44. The artist produces with his imagination images of human objects performing sexual acts, now including himself and now not, by which pleasure throbs in his genitals, if not throughout his body-self, and Eros flows into his imagination. Yes, his imagination itself initially liberates Eros with its production of the images of the human objects performing sexual acts, though not only to flow into itself, but to disperse it into his intellect.

The Eros-suffused imagination of the artist encompasses and incestuously plays with his intellect. Thereby, he is imbued with the power to produce thought after imaginative thought.

Yes, can a thought of the artist be but imaginative? Be but influenced by his Eros-suffused imagination? Be but in incestuous procreative relation with his Eros-suffused imagination? Be, fundamentally, procreated by his Eros-suffused imagination?

45. Eros, the life energy of the world, incites the artist to the well-spring of his imagination, the sexuality of his body-self, to have complete and unbounded faith in his imagination.

And Eros, the life energy of the world, incites the artist to believe that his imagination is infinite in power: at the best moments of creation, during the moments of the exhilarating inundation of Eros itself, the artist knows with utmost certainty that his imagination is omnipotent.

46. During the creation of a work, not having any human objects of the world directly before him or even nearby at his beck-and-call on which he can realize his desire for pleasure, the artist, a Sade persona dominant, imagines them. Driven by his will to pleasure, more and ever more pleasure, he proceeds to corrupt the human objects produced by his imagination and, eventually, to destroy them.

The human objects produced by his imagination are so much constellations of his thoughts and his feelings. Therefore, he corrupts and, eventually, destroys a constellation of his thoughts and his feelings and replaces it with another driven by his will to more and ever more pleasure.

47. The artist, a Sade persona dominant, does not receive sufficient satisfaction by performing simple sexual acts with human objects of his imagination. For he is regularly driven into such a rage of desire that a simple sexual act is unable to discharge it completely. Therefore, to do so, and to feel the creative power, the exultant creative power, fundamentally, desired, he has to rape, to scar, to wound and, eventually, to destroy the human objects–toward the absolute power of absolute creation.

He is driven to destroy the human objects of his imagination also by his hate of the body-self. He hates the body-self, hates the body-self beyond measure because of the intrinsic limitations entailed by its mortality.

The state of the artist during the creation of a work is, not too seldom, one of raging desire interpenetrating or continuously alternating with ecstatic pleasure. But how can he endure such a state? Or endure it without ending up in the asylum? And, in regard to the creation of a work's practical execution, how can his intellect function in such a state?

The questions pass through his mind, but he gives them little heed. His will to creation makes him heedless of the dangers ever lurking both within and without during the creation of a work.

And in fact, even when his state during the creation of a work is one of raging desire interpenetrating or continuously alternating with ecstatic pleasure, the intellect of the artist, a Sade persona dominant, functions extremely well, functions with great lucidity and great intensity.

But what, fundamentally, throws him into such a state and makes him heedless of the possibility of ending up in the asylum? It is his dauntless iron will to annihilate all authority. He, in practice, strives in creation to annihilate all authority by striving to annihilate all orders and all laws of the world–toward the absolute authority of absolute creation.

The artist, a Sade persona dominant, is at his greatest freedom in that Eros, the life energy of the world, is at its greatest freedom, flows without impediments of any kind and with such great intensity that he, at certain times, experiences it, during the creation of a work, as his whole body-self and his whole body-self it. Thereby, he knows with utmost certainty that he is the core and the source of the world: knows with utmost certainty that he is the one and only creative power of the world.

48. The more sexually pure a human object is, the more the artist, a Sade persona dominant, desires to destroy it. And the more he desires to do so, desires to corrupt, to rape and, eventually, to destroy the sexually pure human object, the more intense is the pleasure felt.

The more his mind particularly is suffused with pleasure, the more lively and extravagant it becomes, particularly his imagination, and, therefore, he creates more inventive polymorphous perverse works.

The artist, fundamentally, destroys a sexually pure human object because it opens up the infinite possibilities of life and, therefore, the infinite possibilities of creation.

49. During the creation of a work, by pushing human objects in his imagination to extreme limits and, then, beyond them, by reaching into the unknown beyond them in his destruction, his sheer annihilation of them, the sensation-suffused thoughts of the artist, a Sade persona dominant, are pushed toward and reach regions of the unknown. By passing continuously from the known into the unknown and from the unknown into the known, he, at certain times, arrives at that which seems to be an end, where his sensation-suffused thoughts are so deep, complex and comprehensive that he feels that they with one more step will disappear into a chaos of meaninglessness, or, if not precisely of meaninglessness, of meaning very far beyond the clear and distinct grasp of his intellect–but within that of his imagination's intuition, from which he goes forth with leap after blind leap toward ever new and more distant horizons of the unknown.

The ever new and more distant horizons of the unknown are the continuously fluctuating shadowy regions between the consciousness and the unconscious of the artist, and the unknown very far beyond the clear and distinct grasp of his intellect some things in them, or, yet farther beyond, in his unconscious. The things in his unconscious are, at least virtually, mostly experienced as an ineffable feeling: the intuition of the artist's imagination itself.

50. Driven by his insatiable sheer lust for pleasure, the artist, a Sade persona dominant, destroys human objects in his imagination. For only in such a way can he feel pleasure to an ecstatic degree: feel Eros, the life energy of the world, ecstatically throbbing in each and every cell of his body-self.

With Eros building toward an ecstatic orgasm in each and every cell of his body-self, the artist, a Sade persona dominant, builds in creation a grand edifice of evil thought and evil feeling: a grand edifice of his original genius' evil thought and evil feeling–toward the absolute evil of absolute creation.

51. The artist wills to everlasting life in creation. To be at all possible, he must be free to realize his original genius to the utmost. And, in turn, to be so and to do so, he is true to no authority but his authority, true to no orders but his orders and, more dynamically, true to no laws but his laws– now and ever true to no laws but his laws!

The supreme law of the artist is that he must apply the full force of his body-self with the all of his creation it entails toward creation and only creation–toward the absolute law of absolute creation.

52. During the creation of a work, the artist, not too seldom, falls into a state in which he does not reflect, analyze and penetrate with his intellect into that which he is experiencing, particularly not applying its rationality and its logic. It is so much a dream state, one comparable to that in which he is asleep and dreaming. In the dream state, his ego reaches profound and dynamic regions of his unconscious. Therefore, the creation of the work's rationality and logic are closely and intimately related to the rationality and the logic of his unconscious with the freeing of his original genius they entail.

Though the dream state usually comes over him of its own accord, he, at certain times, intentionally withholds his intellect to facilitate it.

53. The dreams of the artist are a primary source of his works; thoughts, feelings and images of his dreams are in fact, not too seldom, the stuff of his works.

From the dream-thoughts, the dream-feelings and the dream-images floating and swirling in his consciousness, mostly within the compass of his imagination, other thoughts, other feelings and other images, at certain times, at inspired moments of creation, burst from his unconscious into his consciousness, and, from these, yet others arrive from his unconscious in an expanding burst of constellations of formerly unconscious but now conscious things.

The dreams of the artist are, in part, the realizations of his unconscious desires. Because they are of the thoughts, the feelings and the images of his dreams and the constellations of unconscious things they, in turn, evoke, his works are similarly, in part, the realizations of his unconscious desires, the realizations of his unconscious desires in the world.

During the creation of a work, because he is in a state similar to that of his dream, the thoughts, the feelings and the images which appear in his consciousness are similar to those perceived asleep and dreaming and, therefore, indicators, signs or intimations of his unconscious desires. And, because he is not asleep but awake, he is in a state in which he can search for, discover and more or less know his unconscious desires hidden behind the thoughts, the feelings and the images in his consciousness, a state in which they can lead him with the analytical and penetrative power of his intellect, and with the intuitive play of his imagination, to their source, his unconscious in general and its desires particularly.

Yes, during the creation of a work, the artist strives to come into knowledge of his unconscious desires hidden behind thoughts, feelings and images which find their way into his consciousness, strives by the formerly unknown but now known to shed light on the yet unknown, desires buried in his unconscious.

The desires or the constellations of desires buried in his unconscious themselves wish for release into his consciousness and, then, realization in the world as represented in his works.

The most fundamental desire, the first and last will of his unconscious and, therefore, the first and last will of his body-self: the will to everlasting life in creation living and growing in each and every cell of his body-self–toward the absolute life of absolute creation.

54. The artist experiences dreams which realize unifications of his body-self, not only of strict antitheses but of widely diverse things. The dreams of his body-self's unifications, not too seldom, dreams of great

improbability, are manifestations of his insatiable desire for new experience.

The unifications of his body-self realized in dreams are of deeper regions of his unconscious than the dreams themselves.

But, though they are, in practice, realized in his dreams, for the more substantial realization of his body-self's unifications, some conscious understanding of them is necessary, which usually occurs during the creation of a work.

The works of the artist regularly represent the unifications of his body-self realized in his dreams.

55. The world with all the experience known to be possible in it does not suffice for the artist, is far from that which he envisions and desires to experience: his deepest unconscious desires.

The artist strives to represent in his works his visions of his deepest unconscious desires–toward the absolute vision of absolute creation.

56. Fundamentally, born of Eros, unifications of his body-self lead the artist toward continued life. For they entail transformation toward an ever more complex and comprehensive body-self against death: an ever more powerful body-self against death–toward the absolute power of absolute creation.

57. The dreams of the artist are mostly of images, images regularly used to represent in his works unifications of his body-self and general experiences of it, effected, most often, unconsciously rather than consciously.

The images of the artist's dreams stem from his unconscious desires of unknown form. No, because they are unconscious, the artist cannot perceive his unconscious desires behind the images of his dreams directly and precisely for that which they truly are and as they truly are. Part of his striving for knowledge, nonetheless, aims for just that, to perceive

directly and precisely the forms of his unconscious desires behind his dreams for that which they truly are and as they truly are.

58. The artist regularly explores and interprets in creation things of his dreams. Thereby, he brings forth in creation further things which lie deep beneath his dreams in the innermost core of his unconscious, not too seldom, extremely profound and dynamic truths of his body-self. He strives to represent in his works such truths of his body-self.

The extremely profound and dynamic truths of his body-self represented in his works: of the fabric of the artist's growth in creation.

59. The works of the artist: revelations of Eros living and growing in the world beyond his human death into future ages.